

SIR JOHN FRENCH CONGRATULATES THE

# The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,497.

Registered at the G.P.O.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915

One Halfpenny.

BRIDE "DRIVES" TO CHURCH IN A PUNT, WHILE GIRL GUESTS ARE CARRIED PICK-A-BACK ALONG FLOODED ROADS.

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Father came in very useful.

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Bride and bridegroom on the staging outside the house.

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How she kept her feet dry.

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The bridal car leaving the church.



The bride looked very happy.



Guests arriving for the reception.

A bride whose wedding took place at Bray yesterday, had to make the journey to the church partly by punt and partly by motor-car. She was Miss Pitman, daughter of Mr. F. Pitman, the well-known Cambridge "Blue," and she has now become the wife

of Captain Forbes Adams, of the Indian Army. Girls were carried to the church along the flooded roadways, and at the bride's house the guests had to walk across a bridge spanning the garden. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



## UNT AND PLANK TO FLOOD WEDDING.

Women Guests' Pick-a-Backs at a  
Military Marriage at Bray.

### BRIDAL BRIDGE.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
MAIDENHEAD, Jan. 7.—A romantic military wedding, at which the bride and bridegroom and the guests had to travel part of the way to church by punt, was held at Bray to-day—which is a sort of Venice-on-Thames.

The bridegroom was Captain Forbes Adams, of the Indian army, who only arrived here last night straight from the trenches on a week's leave. The bride was Miss Pitman, the second daughter of Mr. F. Pitman, the well-known Cambridge "Blue."

Every arrangement had been made by Mr. Pitman to enable the wedding party to get to and from the church, for his house, Bray Mead, is completely surrounded by water. A long bridge, sixty yards or more in extent, was erected from the front door of the house to the roadway.

There were novel scenes when the guests began to arrive at Bray Mead.

### AS IN OLD VENICE.

Many of them came up to the house in punts and continued the journey part of the way to the church in these craft, immaculately dressed men carefully punting their way along the roads.

When punts were discarded there were planks to be walked over—a thrilling experience for the bride and women guests generally, who were frightened of soiling their pretty wedding frocks.

Outside the porch of Bray Parish Church, a large pool of water had to be circumvented, and one father, who had thoughtfully provided himself with waders, plunged into the water and gave his daughters pick-a-backs to the church.

The wedding ceremony was celebrated by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, assisted by the Rev. Charles A. Raymond and the Rev. A. J. McLean.

## MASTER "PETER PAN'S" BATH TRIPS

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

DATCHET, Jan. 7.—The residents call this village "Datchet-under-Thames." "Bring the boat round at ten, John," while nervous women who



Philip Willcox, the Peter Pan of Datchet, in "The Tin Duke."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

were frightened of crossing the road are now becoming expert at balancing themselves on narrow planks over roaring torrents and deep lakes.

Practically every house is an island, and boats and punts busily ply up and down the main street, deftly steering into front gardens to take up passengers.

Nobody is enjoying the floods more than little Philip, aged eleven, the son of Mr. Willcox, the chemist. He is the Peter Pan of Datchet.

Seated in a bath with a wooden spade for an oar and a small sail set on, and with a first makes perilous voyages through the streets. "I call her the Tin Duke," said Philip to me as he regarded his craft.

The middle reaches of the Thames have risen another inch.

### DRAMA ON SPY SHIP.

Details were received yesterday of the capture by Australian bluejackets of a German spy ship, the Kometa, in a tiny harbour near Cape Wilson. The Kometa was suspected of supplying information to Admiral von Spee's squadron.

Commander Jackson, having located the Kometa, lowered a boat and rowed up to her with a party of officers and men as the first streaks of dawn glimmered palely through the tops of the cocoanut palms.

Climbing aboard they found that every man of her crew, save the captain, was sound asleep. Captain Moeller, her commander, had just awakened, and was beginning to shave.

Suddenly the door of his cabin opened, and he found himself, to his intense astonishment, staring down the barrel of a revolver. The ship was taken.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Some showers, but mostly fair; moderate temperature.

## MYSTIC S.O.A.N.D.C.

Secret Man Would Not Tell "Before  
Everybody" Revealed to Jury.

### "CONVICT ME NOW"—THEY DID

Six letters—S.O.A.N.D.C.—mystified the jury for some time in a case at the London Sessions yesterday.

In the dock was Gregory Melik, a young manufacturer, and he was charged with attempting to obtain £5 by false pretences from a Russian named Wladimir Zapp, of Duke-street, Manchester-square, W.

The young woman missed her passports, and accused Melik of stealing them, and he said he would get them for her for £5.

It was while Melik was giving evidence that the strange letters—S.O.A.N.D.C.—which, it appeared, were inscribed on his visiting card, were referred to.

"What do they mean?" demanded counsel coldly.

Prisoner flushed and, with a most mysterious air, he replied: "I cannot tell you their meaning before everybody." Then, turning to the jury, he cried, "You can convict me," in the tone of a man who would die sooner than betray some sacred trust.

But still the Court was eager to know what S.O.A.N.D.C. could possibly mean. At last, stung to the quick by counsel's comments, prisoner revealed the great secret.

Turning dramatically to the jury, he shouted defiantly:

"It means 'Staff officer, Armenian National Defence Corps.' Now what am I guilty of? Is there any crime in that?"

Sentence of six months in the second division was passed.

## WORK FOR REFUGEES.

Commissioners Appointed to Provide Occupation for Belgians in Britain.

A Commission has been appointed by Mr. Herbert Samuel, president of the Local Government Board, to put into execution recommendations for providing occupation for Belgian refugees, contained in the recently issued report of the Departmental Committee which has been considering the subject.

The following are the commissioners:—  
Sir Ernest Hatch, Bart. (chairman); Sir T. H. Elliott, Baron C. Gifford; Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P.; Miss Susan Lawrence, M. Charles Lejeune, M.P. of Lytton, Sir T. Vesey Strong, with Mr. H. A. Leggett, of the Local Government Board, as secretary.

The principal features of the scheme may be summed up as follows:

The various clothes, furniture and other articles which it is proposed to make are solely for the use of Belgians, and will, therefore, in no way conflict with the interests of British labour.

The work involved does not amount to industrial employment for regular wages, but, while providing a certain remuneration for the labour employed, is intended solely to find occupation for a useful kind for the refugees while still in receipt of private hospitality.

The local interest which has been taken in the welfare of the refugees and the sympathy and help which has been extended to them will continue as before.

The scheme has the entire approval of the official committee of Belgians, and the Belgian Government desire that the refugees should be sent back to their country as soon as they can return with safety.

## FISH FAMINE.

There is a fish famine in London. Bad weather and the war have had a remarkable effect on the fish supply, and never in the annals of Billingsgate Market, it was stated yesterday, has the supply of fish been so short.

The following prices were given by a large fish catering firm:—

"Plaice is fetching 14s. to 19s. a stone, whereas the price is 8s. 6d. a stone."

"Haddock, which now fetches 8s. or 9s. a stone, would in ordinary times be 2s. 6d. a stone. Only a few haddock which in the ordinary way would fetch 1s. sold at 8s. 6d."

"Herrings a week or a fortnight ago sold at 4s. a barrel; now they are worth 4s. 10s."

## CLOWN PRINCE NO LONGER K.G.

The new Almanach de Gotha has been published, says a Reuter Amsterdam message, and it shows that no monarch now holds an honorary title in the army or navy of any of his enemies.

Kaiser Wilhelm is no longer honorary chief of three Russian regiments of infantry and one British regiment; he is no longer British Field-Marshal or Admiral of the Fleet, and the Kaiserin has been struck from the list as Chief of the Russian Grodno Hussars.

The Crown Prince has now to forgo the Russian St. Andreas Order and the Order of the Garter, and Prince Albert the St. Andreas Order.

The Almanach further makes known that up to now seven German princes have been killed in the war.—Reuter.

## FORBIDDEN LANGUAGE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 7.—A message from Strasbourg states that anybody using the French language in shop window signs, etc., will be liable to one year's imprisonment.

The prohibition applies also to business letters, accounts and receipts.—Central News.

## SCOUTS IN FIRING LINE.

How Belgian Boys Took Places of  
Wounded as They Fell.

### FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD HERO.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM, Jan. 6.—Little Stephane Otto is one of the picturesque figures of the Belgian Army.

Not more than fifteen years old, he has had a most exciting five months' experience of war.

When the German invasion brought the war to the gates of Liege, the boy scouts of that city eagerly offered their services to the mili-



STEPHANE OTTO.

tary authorities, and were employed as messengers and dispatch riders. Young Stephane Otto was among the first to volunteer for such work.

When the attack on the fort of Boncelles was at its height a number of young boy scouts snatched up rifles dropped by wounded soldiers in the trenches and courageously took their stand in the battle line, firing shot for shot with their soldier comrades until the commanding officer obliged them to leave.

Stephane Otto, finding himself without useful employment, went one day to the German commandant of Liege and asked to be allowed to work with the Red Cross.

He managed to obtain the German Red Cross sash and for some little time went out and among the enemy, doing the work assigned to him, but noting everything he saw.

One morning he escaped and got safely back to the Belgian Army. ROWLAND PARK.

## GREAT CRUTCH RACE.

How Jock Won in Contest of Convalescents on  
Ascot Course.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)  
ASCOT, Jan. 7.—On the classic course I found a group of wounded soldiers in a ferment of excitement.

For there was to be a race meeting, the principal event being the Royal Heroes' Handicap, to be run on the course by men using two crutches.

There were four entries, and the betting made Jock a steady favourite at 5 to 2 in Woodbine. Uncle Ned stood firm at 4's, whilst Micky and Silent Joe were the outsiders at the stupendous odds of two packets to one "fag." Among those who backed the winner was a nurse.

The favourite was well chosen, for he led the field for a length at first, but it soon became a crutch-and-crutch race.

A yard from the winning post the favourite pushed out his crutches well to the fore and, using his arm-rests as pivots, made a mighty swing past the post—a winner by a stride! Though "badly hit," the bookie stood his ground and paid out.

In a pretty glade adjoining the racecourse stands a building called by its women occupants "Military Mansions."

To the throngs who flock to Ascot in race week it is known as the Metropolitan Police Barracks. To-day it is inhabited by soldiers' wives and children, thirteen families being housed in the nest of large, bright, airy rooms at the expense of the Jockey Club.

Life is quite comfortable at Military Mansions. To bed sitting-rooms are the last word in cleanliness and neatness. P. J. WARE.

## MINISTER RESIGNS OFFICE.

Mr. Ellis Griffith, K.C., M.P., yesterday announced to the Anglesley Liberal Association his intention of resigning his post as Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department for personal reasons.

He stated that he would continue to support the Government in the House of Commons.

## THIEVES' BED OF COATS.

By cutting a hole through the wall of an adjoining tailor's shop into which they broke thieves, it was reported yesterday, entered the jeweller's shop of Mr. John Ekan, in Liverpool-street, E.C., and made off with about £4,000 of gold chains, including:—

100 gold chains,	300 gem rings.
100 brooches,	100 pendants.
60 gold watches.	

Before cutting through the wall they made themselves up a bed of coats and rested awhile.

## FORMIDABLE'S LAST SIGNAL, "KEEP OFF."

Lord Crewe's Tribute to Captain  
Who Refused Help When Hit.

### TWO TORPEDOES FIRED.

The first official details of the cause of the loss of the battleship Formidable were given by Lord Crewe last night in a dramatic statement in the House of Lords.

Several questions of deep interest to the country were raised, and it was the Earl of Selborne, a former First Lord of the Admiralty, who asked for a Government statement on recent naval operations.

He pointed out that there was no representative of the Admiralty in the House. He thought that was a gross discourtesy to the House and a great public grievance.

The Earl added that he had heard a rumour that the loss of the Formidable was due to an internal explosion, but he did not believe it.

### THE ANTWERP AFFAIR.

He wished first of all to ask regarding the naval expedition to Antwerp.

The time would come when that affair would be threshed out on the floor of the House.

The more he had learned of that incident the surer he was sure that the Naval Brigade was not the force which should have been employed.

Speaking of the battle of the Falkland Islands, the Earl of Selborne said they had every reason to congratulate the Admiralty on the strategic conception that made the victory possible.

The Admiralty acted on one of Nelson's great maxims, "Annihilate the enemy."

So thoroughly was that maxim carried out that Admiral von Spee had no chance whatever against Admiral Sturdee just as Admiral Cradock had no chance whatever against Admiral von Spee.

The measure of the blunder that the Admiralty made in trusting Admiral Cradock to carry out the task with which he was entrusted in the Pacific was that he was not.

It was inconceivable that the same authority which armed Admiral Sturdee with his squadron should at the same time have armed Admiral Cradock with his.

In reply, Lord Crewe said that, as a result of the Falkland Islands battle, only two German cruisers, the Karlsruhe and the Dresden, and



Arthur Wallace, who fell 115 feet from a scaffolding and is alive to tell the tale.

two armed liners were free to carry out commerce-destroying raids.

He thought it safe to say that the ultimate end of these vessels was a certainty.

Lord Crewe then made this statement on the loss of the Formidable.

The definite opinion of the Admiralty was that the Formidable was sunk by two torpedoes fired from a submarine.

After the ship had been struck the captain signalled to another ship in the neighbourhood not to stand by to help, but to keep off because of the danger from the submarine. (Cheers.)

## DIVORCE COURT PETITIONS.

The Divorce Lists, issued yesterday, show 371 undefended suits down for hearing, fifty-nine defended actions before the Judge alone, forty before common juries and fourteen before special juries.

The undefended divorce suits include those by the Comtesse de la Chapelle against her husband and Mrs. A. M. K. Crawshaw Williams' suit against Mr. E. Crawshaw Williams.

Lady L. M. Brisco is suing Sir H. B. Brisco for restitution of conjugal rights.

## SEE-SAW OF TRADE.

An interesting study of the position of British trade is provided by the Board of Trade returns issued yesterday.

They show that the total imports during December were valued at £57,554,960, or £3,559,914 less than during the previous December.

The total British exports were valued at £26,278,928, or £17,047,992 less than in December, 1913.

Cotton imports for December showed a decrease of £5,305,845, but there were increases of £1,894,519 in imported grain and flour, of £1,353,365 in imported meat and of £4,925,834 in imported dutiable food and drink.



# BATTERIES DRIVE OFF GERMAN ARMEN IN RAID ON DUNKIRK

War in Air Along Belgian Coast—Bombs Dropped on Furnes.

ALLIES' BIG GUNS AGAIN SCORE TRIUMPH.

Enemy's Heavy Batteries Silenced in Alsace by the French Artillery.

HUNS BOMBARD HOSPITAL FOR WHOLE DAY.

The war in the air seems to be developing. Following the report yesterday that three Zeppelins were sighted off the coast near Dunkirk, the French official communiqué announces the failure of a raid by German airmen.

Their machines were sighted when making for Dunkirk, and the land batteries at once opened fire, putting the squadron to flight.

It is believed that the airmen were attempting to act as an escort to the Zeppelins.

Another German air raid was made yesterday on Furnes, about five miles from Nieuport, bombs being dropped by two airmen.

Further good progress has been made by the Allies at many points along the long line from the sea to Switzerland.

VERY BRILLIANT ATTACK ON LOST TRENCH.

German Artillery Silenced in Alsace and Onslaughts Repulsed.

PARIS, Jan. 7.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

"From the sea to the Lys there were throughout yesterday only artillery engagements, in which we almost always had the advantage.

Our batteries put to flight some German aeroplanes which were making for Dunkirk, and also silenced the fire of the Germans' trench mortars in the region of Zillebeke.

The enemy violently bombarded the Belgian bridge-head south of Dixmude.

In the region of Lille we successfully repulsed a violent German attack on one of our trenches. This trench, which we at first lost, was very brilliantly recaptured, and we destroyed by mine explosions part of the German work.

Between the Somme and the Aisne there is nothing to report except artillery engagements.

To the east of Rheims, at the farm of Alger, the mine explosion which we effected yesterday evening put a stop to the work of the enemy.

FOE'S FIRST LINE MASTERED.

In the Argonne, to the west and north of Verdun, there were artillery engagements in which the enemy showed little activity. In the Woëvre the progress realised to the north-west of Flirey is more important than was at first reported. We made ourselves masters of a portion of the enemy's first line.

At Steinbach and at Hill No. 425 the enemy did not counter-attack.

Persistent rain and the state of the ground, moreover, render all movements difficult. We maintained all the positions won on the previous days. Two attacks by the enemy were delivered, one to the west of Wattwiller and the other near Kolschlag. They were immediately repulsed.

We progressed in the direction of Altkirk, occupying the woods situated two and a half miles to the west of that town.

Our heavy artillery reduced the artillery of the enemy to silence. The latter throughout the day bombarded the hospital at Thann.—Central News.

VIOLENT ATTACKS REPULSED. PARIS, Jan. 7.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

Violent German attacks were reported this evening in the region of Lassigny, in the Argonne, at the junction of the Aisne over the Four de Paris to Varennes and the road from La Haute Chevauchée, in the region of Verdun, and on the ridge which commands Steinbach.

All these attacks have been repulsed.—Reuter.

£1,000 DEAD OR ALIVE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 7.—The *Echo Belge* states that in view of the danger to the Zeppelin sheds caused by the air raids of the Allies over Brussels, the Military Governor has promised £1,000 to anyone capturing a hostile airman, dead or alive.—Central News.

SOVIET EASTERN FRANCE, Jan. 7.—Two German aeroplanes of the Aviatik type dropped bombs on Furnes early to-day.—Central News.

TURKS REELING UNDER SHATTERING BLOW.

Russians Almost Wipe Out Two Army Corps and Put Third to Flight.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 6.—The communiqué issued to-day by the Staff includes the following:— At the end of November the third Turkish army was sent eastward of Erzerum.

The 9th and 10th Corps of this army advanced in the direction of Oltin, while the 11th Corps was ordered to maintain its position in order to engage the attention of the enemy heavy troops.

The Russian detachment at Oltin defended its position, causing the enemy heavy losses. At the same time the other column of the enemy advanced in the direction of Ardaghian.

The Russian garrison was compelled to retire, but on January 3 the Russians attacked the Turks and completely defeated them.

TEN DAYS' FIGHTING.

The Turkish advance in the direction of Sarykamysh was stopped by the Russians after ten days' fighting.

Here two Turkish army corps were surrounded and nearly annihilated.

To-night's official communiqué states that on January 5 the Russians made an assault on the village of Rozrova, to the west of the Prashnisk-Mlava road, where the enemy, with the exception of a few prisoners, was practically annihilated.—Central News.

SIR J. FRENCH'S MESSAGE.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 7.—Sir John French has telegraphed to the Grand Duke Nicholas the congratulations of the British Army and himself on the victories of the Russian troops in the Caucasus.—Reuter.

HUNS FLEE FROM BAYONETS.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 7.—An official communiqué states there was no fighting yesterday on the left bank of the Vistula except on the line Sukha-Bolimow, where there were some partial skirmishes.

In the neighbourhood of Sukha the Germans, after having occupied part of the Russian trenches last night, were driven out this morning by a Russian bayonet attack, the Russians capturing five machine-guns and a number of prisoners.

In Galicia there is no change. The advance in Bukovina continues.—Central News.

HINDENBURG'S 14 ARMY CORPS.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 7.—The *Zuricher Zeitung* says that General von Hindenburg has now fourteen army corps, who are putting up a wild fight in order to get close enough to strike at Warsaw. The fighting takes place mostly at night.

Russian reports, however, state that General von Hindenburg has not succeeded in gaining any valuable advantage.—Exchange Special.

BOLD BRITISH PATROLS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 7.—The *Telegraaf*'s correspondent at Courtrai sends the following dispatch, which was conveyed by courier to the Dutch frontier:—

"Heavy gunfire is audible from the front Zonnebeke-Reclaire.

"All public buildings and monasteries are filled with wounded, as is the case in the villages between Courtrai, Moesroen and Roubaix.

"German troops from the front arriving at Roubaix for a short rest are living in the houses of the many British tax merchants who resided there before the war.

"The battle is still undecided.

"It is untrue that the village of Heule, near Courtrai, has been occupied by the Allies.

"The rumour was caused by the appearance of some bold British patrols."—Reuter.

GERMANY'S "WAY OUT" OF CARDINAL BLUNDER.

Official Message Denies Arrest of Belgian Primate—The Pope Anxious.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 7.—A German official message from Brussels states the report that Cardinal Mercier has been arrested, or is under guard in his palace, is untrue.

It is equally untrue that other Belgian priests have been arrested in connection with the distribution of Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter.—Central News.

ROME, Jan. 7.—Vatican circles are horrified and indignant at the idea of the venerable Prince of the Church being deprived of his personal liberty merely because of the courage he has shown in accomplishment of his spiritual mission.

A high ecclesiastic declared that the Pontiff could not push the neutrality of the Holy See so far as to ignore an offence against a member of the Sacred College, which neither Cavour nor Bismarck in their struggles against the Church dared commit.

It is generally believed that the Pope, even at the risk of endangering his position as being absolutely outside the conflict, which he assumed in order that his offer of mediation at the opportune moment should succeed, cannot be silent in the face of such a crime as the arrest of Cardinal Mercier, but must protest.

His Holiness, commenting on the arrest of the Cardinal, said: "The Germans cannot bring forward the same pretext for this arrest as for their bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims."—Reuter's Special.

LIFE FOR GER-MOLES.

ROME, Jan. 6.—General Ricciotti Garibaldi in the course of an interview said:—"Two of my sons have already fallen. Maybe in a few days a third will fall on that land which before I die I desire to kiss as reconsecrated Italian soil."

He said that the two sons who had brought back the body of Bruno would remain here a few days to comfort their mother.

Afterwards their place would possibly be no longer in the Argonne or under the French flag, but elsewhere.

The two sons in question said that the Garibaldians in France could hardly resign themselves to the war in trenches, which they declare is a life for moles—good for Germans who are content to dig their beer and pipe, while the Garibaldians like to handle a bayonet."—Reuter's Special.

FOE'S PRAISE OF ALLIES.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—Under the heading "A Retrospect," the *Lokalanzeiger* to-day publishes its views on the fighting qualities of the Allied Armies.

It considers the Walloons to be of slight military value, but admits that the Flemish regiments in desperate battles have proved themselves to be worthy descendants of the ancestors who won the victories of Egmont and William of Orange.

It goes on to make a patronising reference to "Tommy Atkins," whose good qualities as a professional soldier have been developed by the war.

"Great Britain's efforts," it adds, "although accompanied, of course, by bluff regarding the creching of a big army, proves a will to conquer which we honour in an enemy, even in this enemy."

The French soldiers, the *Lokalanzeiger* says, have proved a surprise.

We perceive now, too, that the Russian has not unjustly been celebrated as a good soldier.—Reuter.

BRITISH ARMY GROWS BIGGER EVERY DAY.

Daring Surprise Raid That Caught Germans Napping and Lost Them a Trench.

TYPHOID FIGHTS FOE.

"The New Year," says "Eye-Witness" in his latest story from the front, of which extracts are given, "has opened upon a more favourable situation for the Allies than any they have known since the commencement of the campaign."

So far as the British are concerned, the small Expeditionary Force of four divisions which took the field last August has now swelled into a great army, which is steadily increasing in numbers, has become used to war, and can look back on a record of hard fighting such as British troops have seldom sustained in the past.

The Allies for the past four weeks have assumed the offensive, while the enemy have been acting on the defensive, but it is an active defensive.

"We retain the initiative," "Eye-Witness" points out, it will mean that the German soldier will gradually become increasingly conscious that he is no longer marching on Calais or Paris, and it will have a discouraging effect on him.

It would appear that there is a good deal of sickness in the enemy's ranks. There have for some time past been a considerable number of cases of typhoid, and some units have even been withdrawn temporarily owing to this cause.

NEW YEAR'S DAY FEAT.

During New Year's Day our guns in the right centre of our line shelled the German trenches with success and are believed to have inflicted considerable damage.

On the evening of January 3 a very brilliant little affair took place on our right centre. About 8 p.m. a party, consisting of one officer and twenty-five men, attacked a German trench, surprised the sentries before they could give the alarm and bayoneted the occupants of the trench, twenty men in all, who were overpowered before they had time to make any resistance. We only sustained three casualties.

LIES "ON STONY GROUND."

In dealing with the question of the German soldier on the defensive, "Eye-Witness" goes on to point out that hitherto the German soldier has continually been told that reinforcements are about to arrive and that an advance in force is imminent, while reports of startling victories by land and sea are disseminated broadcast in the ranks.

But such fabrications can no longer carry any conviction when the troops realise that instead of attacking they are stationary or even retreating, and the moral of the enemy must inevitably become affected.

IRON CROSSES FOR SNIPERS.

Another factor is the material advance in cumulative effect of a continued advance, however slow, and the capture of some village, hill or line of trenches.

The Germans attach great value to sniping, as is shown by their lavish distribution of Iron Crosses to sharpshooters, but our men are not slow to repay them in their own coin.

By strain the German has placed upon the enemy by the war is shown by an announcement in the *Bavarian Press* that on and after January 2 the military training institute has prepared to receive volunteers between the ages of sixteen and sixteen years nine months, height not to be under 5 ft. 8 in.

THE FOUR PHASES.

The struggle of the last four months (says "Eye-Witness") has passed through three distinct phases, and has now entered upon a fourth.

The first phase was represented by the great outanking advance of the Germans and the retirement of the Allies, the second by our advance to the Aisne, and the third by the gradual extension northwards of both sides to the North Sea, followed by the desperate attacks of the enemy on the northern portion of the Allied line.

During all that time neither side obtained a decisive victory, but each was striving to obtain that necessary preliminary to victory which consists in gaining the initiative.

SWAYING FORTUNE.

The Germans certainly possessed the initiative during the first phase and lost it in the second, while during the third they regained it by dint of greatly superior numbers massed against one section of our line.

From the third week in October till about the middle of November the contest took the form of an attempt on the part of the enemy to break the Allied line and gain the ports of Calais and Dunkirk, and, on our part, to prevent that attempt.

In its essence, therefore, our immediate object at that time was a negative one, although, regarding the war as a whole, the part then played by the French and British in the retention of large forces of the enemy in this theatre of war was a supremely important factor in achieving a positive object.

Since that time, however, a slow but none the less marked change has taken place, resulting in a definite passing of the initiative into the hands of the Allies. The contest has thus entered upon a fourth phase.



Envelope of a letter which has been recovered from the wreck of the *Empress of Ireland*, the Canadian Pacific liner which sank in the St. Lawrence River after collision with a collier in a fog.



## PUNCH AND JUDY AT THE FRONT: PIG PLAYS TOBY.



A French soldier, skilled in the manipulation of the dolls, entertains his comrades with a Punch and Judy show. Toby was the chief difficulty. No dog was available, so the pig was pressed into service. It did not show much histrionic ability, but the audience was determined to be amused and was not over-critical.

## AN ACTRESS'S HATS: THREE STRIKING STAGE TOILETTES.



The oyster shell hat which is being worn by Miss Teddie Gerard.

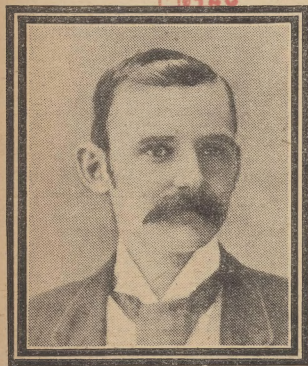


Miss Gerard, who is appearing at a London music-hall, wears several remarkable dresses.



Another of the dresses. The hats are a striking feature of the toilettes.

## DEATH-BED CEREMONY.



Mr. L. A. Glover, of Haslingden, who was installed Worshipful Master of the Amity Lodge on his deathbed.

## ACTOR LIEUTENANT.



Mr. Huntley Wright, who has received a commission as lieutenant. He enlisted as a private.—(Ellis and Walery.)

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Wm. WHITELEY Ltd. QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W. REMNANT DAY NEXT THURSDAY



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

## "NOBODY LOVES US."

Most of us have had the misfortune of knowing the type of tiresome and tyrannical person who is the terror of whatever family he or she may rule by the might of an irritable temper. You mustn't make a noise in the house because of this person. The servants leave in multitudes because of him. He keeps wife and children subdued to his irritability. And this goes on for a long, long time, until suddenly somebody rebels—somebody who has inherited his temper perhaps, and this revolutionary tells the petty tyrant all the truth about himself at last. It pours forth in a flood. Nothing will keep it back. The tyrant is submerged by it.

What does he do? Usually we find he breaks down, bursts into tears and wails: "Nobody loves me! Nobody cares for me any more!"

From end to end of the world, after forty years of a tyrannising peace, Germany is getting gradually to hear what other people think of her.

The news is not pleasant. Herr Harden, that terrible child, remarked before the war how unpleasant it was. "We have no friend in the wide world." The war confirmed this wailing voice. In nation after neutral nation voices of journalists are raised to protest. Prussianism, that blight of our modern Europe, that plague being fought by all Europeans, is condemned by authoritative writers and speakers in nearly all countries. Take Italy as typical. Everywhere in Italy people are reading the indictment called "Belgium Under the German Sword," by Signor Ezio Craxi, an indictment of great power. The Germans in Italy are indignant with Signor Craxi. They are indignant everywhere with everybody who won't come into the line and accept Prussia as an ideal—the bestial, war-lusting Prussia that has done her work upon the kindly German peoples submitted to her rule and hallucinated by her success. The Prussian cry, in face of such disapproval amongst neutrals, or hatred amongst those under her sword, is a double cry. First it is the boo-boo of the booby-bully—"Nobody loves us. Why does nobody love us?" Then it is the revengeful yell of the bully who has had a hard knock: "You don't love me? Then you shall be made to. Love me or I'll shoot you dead." And they do something needlessly brutal, something, as Lord Kitchener would say, "with no military advantage" in it, and thereupon rejoice amongst themselves until another swelling wave of world-opinion against them causes them again to wonder why "nobody loves them" any more.

The Catholics will not love them any more after the Mercier blunder. The smaller races love them very little after their behaviour in Belgium. Insufficiently armed countries, "next in the fighting line," do not love them since they made clear their retrogressive creed of hacking and slaying, at the bidding of a necessity they themselves invent. One by one these waves of indignation rise against Prussia. "Not a friend in the wide world."

And perhaps there is a faint hope that, some far day, the sharp dissimilarity between the Prussian and South German temperaments, so obvious before the war, may reveal itself anew, as it has already done in what may seem only a small matter. Those Germans who fraternised with our troops on Christmas Day have been severely condemned by a "high authority" in Prussia. Will the day come when other Germans will condemn Prussia? W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men.—*Cartile*.

## LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### AMERICAN FEELING.

IT MAY interest your readers to have a further glimpse of American opinion. A friend in Detroit, Michigan, wrote me last week, and in course of his letter he says:—

"Germany has lowered herself in the eyes of the nations by her raid on the British coast. There is nothing clever in bombarding defenceless towns—at least that is the view held by people here, who for the most part are in sympathy with Britain. Germany is too much of a monarchy for the working men of this country, who are very democratic, and the business men know too well Britain's value in the commercial world to wish to see her defeated." H. E. S.

### "LIKE US."

ALTHOUGH we may hope that the infants of to-day will not grow up like us, it is quite certain that this is just what they will do. Every type of a generation back can be found

such wages than the dingy English waiter of the Dickens type did, and the fact that a man is able to do so well on so little is rather to his credit than otherwise, I should have thought. Seymour-street, W. G. P. F.

### THE MAN WHO TEACHES.

YOUR correspondent "Author" may derive what comfort he may from the knowledge that his is not the only class of worker regarded contemptuously by employers. I am a tutor, my work being chiefly with young men of from seventeen years of age who require "cramming" for special exams. Now they are all soldiers, and I find myself without any source of income: schools of all sorts being badly hit by the war.

Notwithstanding that I am a brilliant shorthand writer, typist and bookkeeper, and that I speak French and am smart and businesslike generally, the fact that I have been a schoolmaster "writes me down a fool" in the eyes

## BRITAIN AT WAR.

### What Our Boys Can Learn from the National Crisis.

#### TEACHING PATRIOTISM.

IT IS perfectly true that English boys do not require to be taught patriotism.

Surely the fact is proved, if proof were needed, by this war. How many thousands of young men fresh from the public schools are there? Scarcely a name honourable in the history of Eton that is not represented. Does your correspondent suggest that we require a class to teach us to know what English means to us? Let us leave that pedantic nonsense to the Germans. OLD ETONIAN, South Audley-street, W.

#### CAN IT BE DONE?

"CAN it be done?" you ask. That is, can our boys be taught not to be quite such dunces over the learning of French? But surely the answer comes from Germany. Often and often the German boy speaks English. How does he do it? Let us ask him—when the war is over.

At present one must agree with your article that the waste of time over the grammars of dead languages seems more than ever regrettable at this great moment in our nation's history. W. D. Cufford-gardens, S.W.

#### CRICKET AND RIFLE CORPS.

IT IS certainly a fact that the various public school rifle corps are not nearly so popular with the mass of boys as they should be. When I was at school they were as nothing compared to the cricketers. We made a hero of a good bowler, but never of a good shot. Yet far more athletic distinction and good hard nerve and toughness was and is required by the keen cadet, whose work has so much real importance, whereas cricket is nothing more than a game. T. S. W. Albany-mansions, S.W.

#### "THE FUTURE."

"THE FUTURE" is an alarming expression at all times, but how blessed they are who thoroughly believe that their grandest dreams will some day be realised—they who are reassured of it from time to time, and who dare to embrace that hope up to the high-water mark of their imagination! There are thousands of such people in the world—always good people, who are merciful, patriotic, and yet often despised.

I don't agree with "experienced" people who say that it is quite impossible to improve grown-ups: in fact, I know that they are not Christians who make this assertion.

It is in everyone's power to love fairness and kindness—the lovely attributes which once and for all time put the world to shame—and even grown-ups may gradually assimilate, at this present time, as much of these royal virtues as they please by embracing what "none else would keep." Flag-waving off the

battlefield is an abomination. It hinders recruiting and fans the flame of German hatred. It is also a great mistake to permit organisers to play "La Marseillaise" and "Rule, Britannia" in places of worship. All this sort of thing will most assuredly retard the termination of the war and render all the misery and bloodshed which it has caused of little value in the regeneration of a corrupted world. A WELSHMAN.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 7.—Strange to say, the hardy fuchsias are but seldom seen in gardens. In warm localities—such as the Isle of Wight and Cornwall—they grow into fine big bushes and can be used for forming a hedge. They will pass safely through the winter if planted in some sheltered position or near a south wall. In exposed gardens they can be cut down early in the winter and then covered with a layer of straw. Riccarton is the hardiest of all, and bears brilliant red flowers. There are also other pretty kinds. E. F. T.

## "FOLLOW MY LEADER"—AND WHAT HAPPENED.



Big and Little Willie were going to show the Turk how to win the world. What Turkey has so far won, however, is one of the soundest smashings she has ever received.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

among us to-day, and every type of to-day will be found in a generation to come. Dress and surroundings may change, but various types and characters, never.

### FUTURE.

#### THE ENGLISH WAITER.

THE GENIUS of Englishmen scarcely seems to lie in the direction of waiting in restaurants. I have come across one or two pretty good home-born waiters in provincial and country hotels. But as a rule the English waiter contrasts unfavourably with the foreigner.

Too often he is dingy and dirty looking, dismal and unobliging. He seems to have chosen the job because there was nothing else going. He wants to be incessantly tipped. How otherwise can your correspondent "M." explain the unpopularity of the English waiter everywhere? Why in all the best hotels here and on the Continent is the English waiter a rarity?

Of course I shall be told the old, old story. I shall be told that these dreadful foreigners "accept smaller wages."

Well, that may be so. But they manage to make themselves look neater and cleaner on

of employers. They vouchsafe no reply to my written applications; my personal applications they receive with an indulgent smile and emphatic negative.

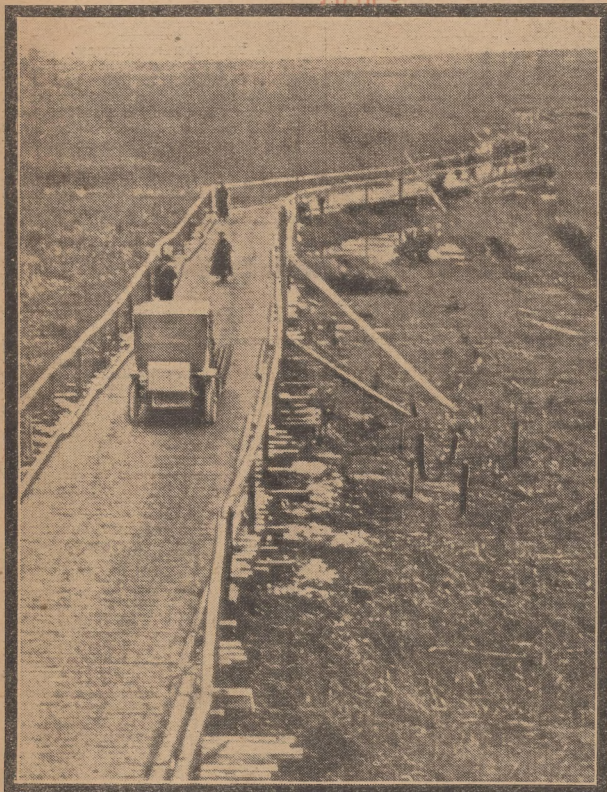
(Perhaps—and mark that this is in parentheses—no man afflicted with real intelligence would ever have entered such an ill-paid, thankless calling as that which seeks to bear the burden of educating other people's children.)

#### SCHOOLMASTER.

#### EVERYWHERE.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,  
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes.  
If so I gaze upon the ground,  
Love treads the shade to fly my pain,  
Love meets me in the shade again,  
Want I to walk in secret grove,  
E'en there I meet with sacred love;  
If so I bathe me in the spring,  
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;  
He will be partner of my moan;  
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,  
And where I am there will he be.  
—THOMAS LODGE.

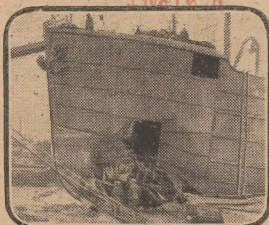


WOODEN ROAD OVER MORASS. 911911

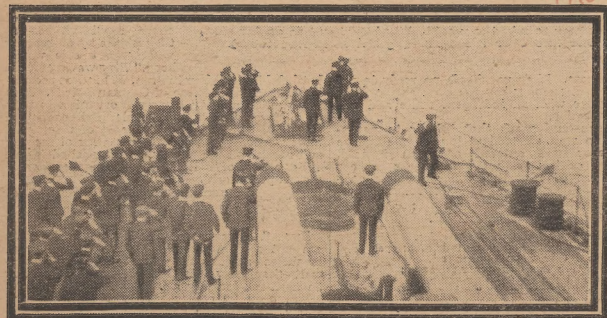
Wooden road for motor-cars made by the Germans in Northern France. It passes over a morass which greatly impeded transport and this is how they overcame the difficulty. The road runs for some miles.

AIRMAN KILLED. P. 12304

Flight-Commander Walter Lawrence, who was killed while making a reconnaissance at the front.

STEAMER MINED. 910416 A

Damage caused to a steamer by a mine in the North Sea. The vessel was run aground.

WHEN ADMIRALS MUST BE AGILE. 91710

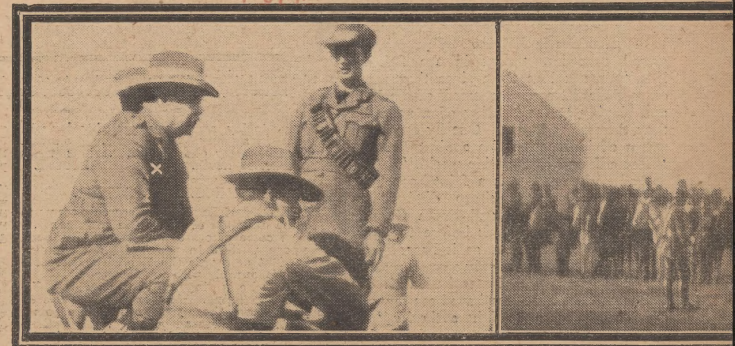
Admiral of a squadron "piped" off after inspecting officers and men. During war all companion ladders are removed, so the admiral had to leave by a rope ladder over the stern—no easy feat in rough weather.—(Cribb.)

ASCOT WINTER MEETING: RUNNERS 911910 W

Ascot's "five bob" ring is now being used as a hospital and the wounded soldiers who are being treated there arranged a race meeting. The pictures show the runners in the first race drawn up at the "starting line."

SIEGE WARFARE WITH BOMBS AND GRENADES. 9161

First line trench with a bomb-proof shelter in the Aisne region. In his speech Lord Kitchener said that the operations have for some time resolved themselves into a phase of siege warfare, and even up-to-date invention for throwing bombs and grenades into the trenches has been constantly used.

THE REBELLION IN SOUTH AFRICA P. 394

General Botha (x).

General Botha took personal command of the Union forces against the traitors in South Africa, and in one of the pictures he is seen directing the operations. The Germans tried every means to stir up the rebellion.



# RUTCHES IN "HEROES HANDICAP."

# NINE DAYS' PRAYER IN PARIS.

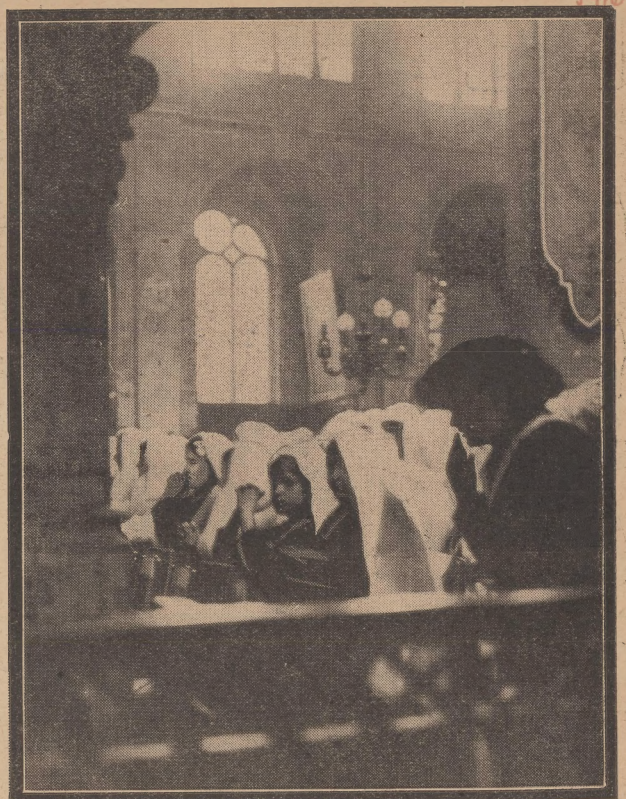


and the "bookies" paying their debts in packets of woodbines. The fixture was a great success everybody enjoyed the fun. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

## S. INDIANS ON THE MARCH IN FLANDERS.



A body of Indian soldiers swinging along a road in Flanders with a red ensign and a tricolour at their head. Lord Kitchener, in his speech, said that the Indians on one occasion were "to a certain extent surprised by the Germans, but regained all they had lost."



Girl worshippers in the Church of St. Genevieve, Paris, where prayers were said for nine days at Christmas-time. St. Genevieve is credited by the French with saving Paris from the Huns in 451. Other Huns were foiled in 1914.

## A FLOOD PROBLEM.



Chaufeur tries to start up his car without wetting his feet in flooded Maidenhead.

## COMPOSER CAPTURED.



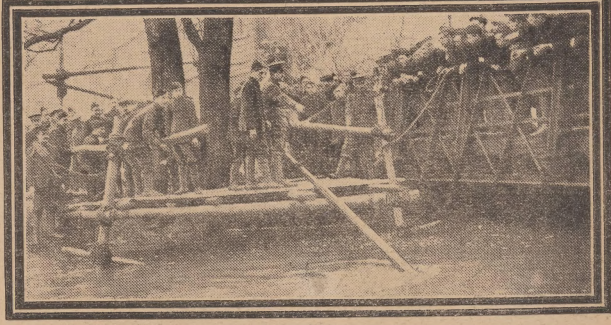
Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," who has been taken prisoner by the Russians.

## GENERAL BOTHA IN THE FIELD.



The British flag hoisted at Keimos.  
on, but met with little success, and De Wet failed signally in trying his old "disappearing" At Keimos Botha's men defeated the enemy.

## WHERE A FLOOD HAD ITS USES.



A large number of Kitchener's men are being trained in the flooded Thames Valley, so the officers took the opportunity of giving them a lesson in how to make a bridge over one of the swollen rivers.



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# THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head.

**VALERIE CRAVEN**, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

**JOHN HILLIER**, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

**STANHOPE LANE**, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic.

**SIR GEORGE CLAIR**, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

**SYLVIA CRAVEN**, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane street, is being pestered by Stanhope Lane. They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips. Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister, Valerie, who tells her she has a photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands for her all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie, who she thought she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads she hears a heart sickening with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and jilted!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly into her mind. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

Sylvia goes out to India, and passes herself off as Valerie.

Hillier believes her to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. They are married very quietly.

The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie is found dead in some old ruins, apparently killed by a fall from a balcony.

The Hilliers leave India and arrive in England, where John Hillier, having taken up the title, they live at Greyside, the beautiful old family house. Sylvia is startled to find that her husband has engaged as his secretary Stanhope Lane.

Mr. Mazouff, the French oculist, tells Hillier and after an operation tells Sylvia the dramatic news that if the bandages remain on for three weeks her husband's sight will be restored as never.

They return to Greyside together. One night, Hillier overhears Lane annoying his wife, and dismisses him. Sometime afterwards Lane goes home to make Hillier suspicious. Gradually, through various causes, the truth is borne in upon Hillier. For purposes of his own, he tells Sylvia that his sight will not come back again.

They return to London, where Henderson, who was with Hillier in India the night that Valerie died, turns up. He is not quite soley, and is received coldly by Hillier. He goes off in a rage to his club and finds an invitation from Mrs. Cunliffe awaiting him.

## HENDERSON PAYS A VISIT.

HENDERSON thrust the letter into his pocket and made his way to the smoking-room.

How far Hillier's indictment may have been justifiable in the lounge at the Majestic it was absolutely libellous here. Henderson had never been so completely and indignantly sober in his life. The incident at the Majestic, Hillier's brusque words, the coldness and scarcely concealed aversion of Hillier's wife, had acted like a cold douche.

The smoking-room happened to be empty. Henderson sank back in a chair, rang for a brandy and soda and lighted a cigar. Each action was a definite, half-childish defiance of Hillier and his wife.

As he waited for the return of the servant Henderson glanced at his letters. The writing

## ARE YOU NERVOUS?

"Are you sensitive? Do you lack self-confidence and 'personal push'?" Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, conversation, or 'appearing in public'? Do you feel that you are not 'getting on' as your natural talents deserve?

"I can tell you how to change your whole mental outlook. By my treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind which will give you absolute self-confidence. Being freed from Mental-Nervous handicaps, you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Don't miss discovering all you can upon this subject so vital to you. Send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of my guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, 476, Imperial-bldg., Ludgate-circus, London, E.C.4 (Adv.)."

on the envelope with the weird heraldic device was vaguely familiar. He opened it. It began:

"My dear Tony," Henderson gave a puzzled glance back at the signature. Who on earth was Rose Cunliffe, and why should she write to him as though they had some acquaintance? A phrase in the letter threw a sudden enlightenment into his mind.

"By Jove! Good old Rosie Pontifex!" Of course he remembered her now. The remarkably good-looking daughter of a rather disreputable old colonel at Southsea. They had been pretty good pals during a winter there before he went out to India. She had even written to him for a time—and then she had married. Married well, too, he understood, but apparently from her letter she was a widow now.

But why should she write to him now? In his present mood he scented some demand upon him. He was not such a fool as to imagine that this pretty widow should suddenly remember him after the lapse of a considerable number of years and write with such effusion, unless she wanted something out of him.

"My Dear Tony,—I heard with a great deal of pleasure that you were in London. I chance this letter to the address of your old club. Won't you come and see me? Just for the sake of auld lang syne—do. I am a widow now, and a very busy woman, so I know you will forgive me if I ask you to call at my shop."

It is really a rather superior article in shops! Come and see it—and me—Your old friend, Rose Cunliffe."

The waiter returned with the brandy and soda. A man he had known years ago, a frequenter of the club, who had been off duty six years ago, came up—recognised him, settled down to gossip.

Henderson gulped down his drink and left the bar unceremoniously. He was not, at the best of times, a man who suffered fools gladly.

As he made his way through the club nothing seemed to have altered. The same men were sitting in the same corners, monopolising the same seats. He had come back to England with the vague hope of taking up the threads of a normal life again.

It seemed to him as though that brief interview with the man he had believed to be his friend, the man who had dismissed him with half contemptuous advice, had been the slamming of the door of the future upon him.

He was a man without a future.

"By Jove, yes," Henderson gave a queer unsteady little laugh. "But what about the past?"

On a sudden impulse he went to his room. An hour later, very scrupulously dressed and groomed, he descended to the hall and summoned the page from the glass rabbit-hutch to call him a taxicab.

He gave the driver the address: 500B, Sloane-street.

He dismissed the taxicab, and stood for a moment to scrutinise the outside of the shop. To his male and Philistine eye it had a poverty-stricken look. He was unable to appreciate the pale grey paint, the heavy silver-plated window plate and door furniture.

"Oh, lord, it's money," he thinks. That's a dead certainty," he told himself, ungalantly, as he contemplated the window where only a very little, though exquisitely fine lace and a few strips of glowing embroidery were austere displays against a background of black velvet.

With a half-humorous feeling as of one who does a foolish, yet courageous thing, he opened the shop door and went in.

Certainly the interior of Mrs. Cunliffe's shop was entirely surprising. For a moment Henderson half thought that he had made a mistake. This was not in the least his idea of a shop—this long, rather low, but wholly charming room, which for the moment appeared to be empty.

He looked about him.

The colouring was subdued, but distinctly pleasing; the general background being the grey, and that lavender which is so pale a hue as almost to verge into grey, with an occasional, but dominant note of black—the velvet slips on the white enameled tables, over which the cushions of a half-humorous feeling as of one who does a foolish, yet courageous thing, he opened the shop door and went in.

Beyond, in the second half of the room, against a neutral background hung the Eastern embroideries for which the shop was famed. Glowing and shimmering in fantastic and indescribable juxtaposition like the fabulous jewels of Aladdin's cave.

As he stood a girl who had been writing letters at a little escritoire at the end of the shop, came forward. She might have stepped straight out of a Sheridan comedy, he thought, in her short-sleeved gown of lavender poison, with its exquisitely coffered fine muslin fichu.

In answer to her inquiry, Henderson explained that he had called to see Mrs. Cunliffe. When he gave his name her manner changed immediately.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Cunliffe will see you at once, I know. Please come this way."

She had a pleasant voice, and, though she was not beautiful, her air was that of an intensely attractive woman. Every detail about her was perfect. All at once Henderson had a warm feeling of satisfaction at having obeyed his impulse to visit an old friend.

"By the way, the fair Rose wants of me," he told himself as he followed his guide down the beautiful room, "it cannot be money."

The austere decoration of the shop window had meant nothing to his uninitiated mind. But

he knew enough of the value of things Eastern to appreciate these draperies at something of their proper value.

"Mr. Anthony Henderson, madam!" The lavender-robed girl had pushed aside some draperies and knocked a door. Henderson heard the familiar voice with its curious, unpleasant, husky under-note; then, in the doorway, appeared Mrs. Cunliffe.

"Magnificent," the man thought to himself as he looked at the figure of the woman who stood smiling a welcome at him. "A mistress of stagecraft, evidently."

It was true. Nothing could have been more effective than this appearance, or set off better Rose Cunliffe's dark beauty, than the opulence of that glowing scarlet and gold background.

"Tony!" she said, and held out both her hands to him. "You have come, then, you dear. I hardly dared to hope that you would take any notice of my poor little letter. It was something of an impertinence."

Her smooth, shapely hands closed round his with a warm pressure. She drew him with her into the inner room.

The warmth of her hands seemed in some strange way to communicate itself to Henderson's heart. He was not, then, without a welcome home to England after all.

"An impertinence, Rose?" he said. "It was the most charming action you ever thought of. By Jove, I haven't words to tell you how glad I am to see you again."

Mrs. Cunliffe was an astute woman of the world. She gauged the man's feeling fairly accurately. Had she been a woman given to quotation of Holy Writ, she might have echoed the words of one of the fiercest women of Israel: "The Lord has delivered him into my hands."

## MRS. CUNLIFFE IS CANDID.

IT was very pleasant and comfortable in this private office of Mrs. Cunliffe's, which was so surprisingly businesslike after the shop. Henderson, leaning back in a capacious chair, had time to examine his old friend in his case. Mrs. Cunliffe laughed as she caught his eyes fixed on her.

"How have I worn, eh? Oh, don't be afraid to speak the truth. Thank heaven, I know I am a ruin, but mercifully not a well-preserved one! Beautiful, even in decay—but not restored."

"You used not to be bitter in the old days, Rose," Henderson said.

"Wasn't I?" He saw a very dark shade cross her face. "You have a better memory than I. I cannot remember such a time."

She leaned forward suddenly and laid her hand on his knee—a plump, beautiful hand, with a number of extraordinarily fine rings.

"But it was not to speak of myself that I asked you to come to-day," she said. "I want you to tell me all about yourself. You have been in love since I saw you, and have married and lost the woman you loved, so much I know; I am sorry, Tony. I did not say anything in my letter—letters are such cold, hateful things—"

Henderson's face changed. A curious, watchful light crept into the eyes under their heavy lids.

"Who told you I had lost her?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, the Hilliers. I asked them for news of you, and they told me."

"Ah, you know the Hilliers, do you?" he said. "Great friends of yours?"

The woman, watching him earnestly, yet secretly, like a cat, was swift to notice the

## LORD KITCHENER'S KINDNESS.

P. 16545



Mrs. Goodings, of Sunderland, who was most anxious to see her five soldier sons before she died. Four who are in this country were soon at their mother's bedside, and the fifth, who was at the front, was given special leave by Lord Kitchener. In each case the authorities paid all expenses.

change of voice and expression. Her pulse quickened a little. This was even better than she had hoped for... evidently this man disliked Hillier.

(Continued on page 11.)

## Fight against this weather by using

# ANGIER'S EMULSION

Of all Chemists.

113, 29, 46.

In this severe and trying weather Angier's Emulsion is a great blessing to all with weak lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any chronic chest affection. Not only does it heal and strengthen throat and chest, but it promotes appetite, aids digestion and

exerts a most invigorating tonic influence upon the general health. For twenty-two years it has been prescribed by the medical profession and used in the hospitals. It is the standard approved remedy for chest affections, and the ideal winter tonic.

## "THERE IS NO BETTER TONIC THAN ANGIER'S."

Dear Sirs,—In all cases of chronic cough and in all wasting diseases of adults and children, pulmonary and gastro-intestinal, there is no better tonic than Angier's Emulsion.

I prescribe it to more than half my patients, and have found no other remedy from which such permanently satisfactory results have been obtained.—L.R.C.P.S., Etc.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Send name and address, 3d postage, and mention "Daily Mirror." ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

## REDFERN

The Last Two Days of REDFERN'S SALE

Further astounding Reductions will be made.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES, AFTERNOON AND EVENING GOWNS, MILLINERY, FURS.

26, CONDUIT STREET, W.

## THE "PADDY" JUNR. KNIFE CLEANER

Guaranteed to thoroughly Clean and Polish 6 to 8 knives Does not wear the blades. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. Sold by Whiteley's, Selfridges, Spicers & Pond, Jones & Higgins, and obtainable through all Ironmongers and Stores, or sent direct on 7 days' approval on receipt of the price, 10 and 3d. postage.

The Paddy Cleaner Co. (Dept. M), 13, Barran Road, Crofton Park, LONDON, S.E.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## What of the Season?

Despite the war and the generally unsettled state of things, there will have to be a London season—good or bad—this year, and I find many people already speculating as to what sort of a season it will be. Had peace reigned it should have been a brilliant one, for among the debutantes who were to have made their formal entry into the society world is Princess Mary. I understand that it is still intended that she should make her formal debut at Court this spring, and in this case her "coming out" will, of course, be the season's great social event.



Princess Mary.

In these times it is difficult to anticipate events, but it was understood that Princess Mary's first appearance in society would be celebrated by a dance at Buckingham Palace, such as was given for the Prince of Wales the year before last. This affair was more or less informal and on the lines of a big ball at a great private house, the distinctions which rule at a state ball being absent.

## Her Young Companions.

Possibly Princess Mary's friend, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson of Invercauld, will be among this season's debutantes, for she has reached "coming out" age. Miss Farquharson and her younger sister, Sylvia, have been companions of Princess Mary, and they attended the youthful dancing classes at Buckingham Palace, among the favoured few thus privileged having been Miss Phyllis Leigh, Lord and Lady Newton's youngest daughter, and the children of the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Beauchamp, Lady Amphil and Lady Desborough.

## Lady Dudley's Daughter.

Lady Morvyn Ward, Lord and Lady Dudley's second daughter, is making her debut this year. Gossip included her among the 1914 debutantes, but she was only eighteen in November. Lady Morvyn is a charming girl, who has inherited no small share of the good looks of her mother and her grandmother, Georgiana Lady Dudley, one of the "lovely Moncreiffes." She rides well, and has often hunted with the Worcestershire Hounds.

## A Child with No Language.

I heard of the most extraordinary case of a little Belgian child refugee yesterday. She is now being cared for in an institution in the West of London, and she understands no language. The child is about three years old. When she left Belgium she was just learning to speak Flemish—her native language. Since she has been in England she has forgotten the little Flemish she knew; she cannot understand French or English, and at the moment she is a child without a tongue.

## Will Soon Speak English.

They tell me that in a week or so she will speak English, and probably when she returns to Belgium will remember her baby Flemish again; still, at the moment she is, to all intents and purposes, dumb, and only by signs and motions can those in charge of her make her understand what is going on and what they wish her to do.

## "Zeppelinitis."

I heard some amusing stories yesterday of people who are suffering from "Zeppelinitis." I know they sound extravagant, but they are really true. One well-known London hostess has converted two of her cellars—one into a drawing-room, the other into a bedroom. The lady receives her guests in the cellar-drawing-room!

## The "Anti-Bomb Camp."

Then there is an ingenious man about town, an elderly man, who more or less seriously proposes to walk down Piccadilly protected by an umbrella of his own design whenever the "Zeps." may make their appearance over London. He calls it the anti-bomb umbrella. It is huge and is constructed mainly of wire netting. I know the camp exists, for I have seen it.

## Gambols

"London's Gambols" is a headline in a local London paper. Mudlarking, I presume.

## Luncheon Habits.

There are many ways of eating a lunch. Some people like it one way and some another. But for rareness of taste I think the luncheon habits of a certain foreign diplomat now in London defy competition. This is how he enjoys his midday meal. This is the sort of thing upon which his diplomacy thrives.

## What a Menu!

He starts with a nice underdone steak, with which he drinks milk and medicinal water. Then he has a plate of specially prepared Italian soup with fried bread. After this fish, an omelette, game or poultry. Then a savoury. After this fruit, and finally pastry. He will sometimes finish with a salad, which he mixes himself. He drinks claret, brandy, milk and mineral waters with this simple meal, and does it every day.

## The Smiling War Lord.

The tone of rosy optimism which pervaded Lord Kitchener's speech in the House of Lords was quite in unison with his happiness of demeanour. Never have I seen him in brighter spirits. He smiled on his colleagues, smiled on the House, and when Lord Curzon unsuccessfully tried to "draw" him he smiled most benignly on him also.

## The Courtesy of Peers.

I think the peers grow more inaudible than ever. On Wednesday there seemed to be a general conspiracy to speak in undertones. If the official shorthand writer were not provided with a seat at the clerks' table—almost under noble noses—a full and accurate report of the peers' debates would be absolutely impossible. But peers are extremely courteous to the Fourth Estate, and many a time has a neatly-typed copy of a noble lord's speech saved the situation in the Press Gallery.

## K.O.K. and Russian Names.

Strangely enough, it is some of the most distinguished members of the House who speak most indistinctly. The worst offenders are Lord Crewe, Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Halsbury. Lord Kitchener is also difficult to follow, since he reads off his typewritten notes with great rapidity in anything but a powerful voice and skips over Russian names with alarming agility.

## Never Wastes Time.

Lord Kitchener never stays longer in the painted chamber than is absolutely necessary. He makes his speech—it is always a model of concise and soldierly English—listens with Sphinx-like face to critics, and when these are disposed of he strides off, leaving other peers to babble on minor matters, and less illustrious colleagues to smooth the critics down.

## Knitting in the Lords.

The latest place to be used for knitting is the peeresses' gallery in the House of Lords. For a couple of hours on Wednesday night a lady in black with a splash of white in her hat sat busy with wool and knitting needle. The rules of the House preclude me from mentioning this industrious lady's name.

## Only 150 More for the 1,000.

The football total is now 850. We want 150 more to make the thousand. Yesterday once again we were able to repulse all applicants by return of post, a method of "warfare" which surprises and pleases them mightily. In many of my letters of acknowledgment recently, "Tommy" has expressed his surprise at getting his football so quickly.

## One for Our Allies.

One of the most interesting of yesterday's letters came from one of our Allies, Soldier Henri Dangelzer, of the 60th Regiment of Infantry of the French Army. A couple of weeks ago Mr. Dangelzer asked me if I could spare him and his comrades one football. He is a keen athlete and he represented France in the Olympic Games at the Stadium here in 1908. I sent him a ball, and this is his reply.

## They Enjoyed Them.

He received the ball on December 28, and he says: "I received my football to-day. I am pleased pleased to get something from England. We played at once for fifteen minutes at 1 o'clock, and for half an hour at 3 o'clock. My legs ache; we are not used to it now. Oh, if you have seen all those soldiers when they saw it! They are mad, mad of it, and they come after me everywhere. It was just right; you see, it came when we were at rest. I again thank you myself. I fully know the pleasure it will give."

## Two Viscounts' Heirs.

The Queen's Westminster Rifles has two new lieutenants, and both are the heirs of viscounts. One is the Hon. E. G. W. T. Knollys, only son of Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary; the other is Lord Escher's elder son, the Hon. Oliver Brett, who is, by the way, brother-in-law to Zena Dare.



Mr. Oliver Brett.

## Wedding Delayed.

Mr. Brett was at one time private secretary to Lord Morley at the India Office. His engagement to Miss Antoinette Heckscher, the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Heckscher, of Fifth Avenue, New York, was announced in November, 1911. Then a few weeks afterwards it was stated that the wedding would not take place. The young couple, however, came together again and were married about a year later at Long Island. Mr. Brett unsuccessfully contested South Hants in the Liberal interest at the two general elections in 1910.

## Married at the Front.

The first marriage at the front of which I have heard was celebrated on December 23 near Arras, a town that is being bombarded every day, so my Paris gossip writes. The bridegroom was adjutant of a cyclist territorial platoon. He had obtained permission to marry the girl to whom he was about to be married when the mobilisation order came.

## Soldier Magistrate.

He left the first-line trenches at night, and next morning arrived on his bicycle in the little village of Hauteville, with the documents necessary for the ceremony. At half-past ten the bride, accompanied by a girl friend, drove up to the "mairie" in a military motor-car. She was dressed in a simple tailor-made costume, and in a little while the marriage—a second lieutenant of dragoons acting as magistrate for the occasion—was duly celebrated.

## Parted at Once.

The witnesses, all soldiers, were not very numerous, and after the civil ceremony a mass followed in the village church, which, by a miracle, had escaped the enemy's bombs. Then the bride and bridegroom took an affectionate farewell, and he returned to the trenches, while she, with tear-dimmed eyes, went back to Paris.

## A Russian Party.

Several private "Twelfth Night" parties were given in London. At one of these a Russian dinner was given with a Russian dance to follow. Out of deference to the teetotal state of Russia now all the wines and spirits were given teetotal-looking names. Liqueur brandy was called "Siberian syrup."

## A las Meyerbeer!

Parisians do not seem to have made up their minds yet whether after the war they will tolerate Wagner's music at the Opera. Meanwhile M. Vincent d'Indy, Professor at the Conservatoire, insists that the name of the Rue Meyerbeer, in the shadow of the Opera, should be changed. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, and Wagner, were he, says, Saxons or Austrians, but Meyerbeer, the descendant of a wealthy banking firm, was a veritable Prussian. He was born in Berlin in 1792, and all his life remained a Prussian at heart.

## Forget-Me-Not.

While rose lovers are talking of changing German-named blossoms to English, the forget-me-not will, I hope, escape transformation. The story goes that a German knight, walking along the banks of the Danube with his lady, attempted, at her request, to gather a tuft of the little blue flower growing in the water. Alas! he was carried away by the stream and, encumbered by his armour, sank, after throwing the flower to his loved one, exclaiming: "Vergess mein nicht!" which we translate "Forget me not."

## The Official Lingo.

The language of the official war bulletins is spreading all over the place. Yesterday I asked a theatrical manager with whom I knew business was quiet if there was any improvement at the box-office. "We are making appreciable progress," he replied.

THE RAMBLER.

## HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR GROW LONG AND BEAUTIFUL.

If you want to make your hair soft, fluffy, thick, lustrous and luxuriant, here is a simple 5-minute daily treatment which is certainly worthy of a trial. Prepare some hair tonic by mixing together 3 ozs. Bay Rum, 1 oz. Lavender de Compose and 4 drachms of Menthol Crystals, adding a little of a favorite perfume. Apply the Lavona Hair Tonic thus made freely to the hair, rubbing it well into the roots with the finger tips, and then brush vigorously for a few minutes, using a medium stiff brush. This will not only make the hair bright and beautiful, but will eradicate scurf and dandruff and stop the hair falling out. In fact, within only a few days it will be found that an entirely new growth of soft, downy hair has been produced.

The remarkable hair growing and beautifying properties of this fine hair tonic have so often been demonstrated that we are not surprised to learn that many chemists are now supplying the completed article, put up ready for use in convenient sprinker topped bottles. This is prepared in strict accordance with the splendid formula given above, and under the name of Lavona Hair Tonic can now be obtained from Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Whiteleys, John Barker and Co., Selfridges, Army and Navy Stores, Junior Army and Navy Stores, Park's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burton, Taylor's Drug Co., Henry Hodder Ltd., Timothy White Co., and most other leading chemists everywhere. Moreover, each bottle is accompanied by the chemist's personal signed guarantee to refund the amount paid in the unlikely event of Lavona Hair Tonic failing to beautify and increase the growth of the hair, so that users are fully protected against loss or disappointment.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LAVONA LIQUID SHAMPOO, which contains 5 per cent. of Lavona de Compose, thus promoting hair growth as well as cleansing the scalp. Price 1/6 everywhere. (Adv.)

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**AMBASSADORS.**—Nightly, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 3.30. Harry Gratton's ODD AND EDDY. 8.30. By Miss Heston in "Diak". Tel. Regent 2890.  
**APOLLO.**—At 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. CHARLES HANCOCK'S "THE BATTLE OF BURNHAM TONGUE". Evgs. 8.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**MISS LAURETTA TOLSON.**—At 8.30. Evgs. 8.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**TRANSFERRING TO GLOBE.**—Mats. 2.30. Evgs. 8.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**DUKE OF YORK'S.**—At 8.30. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 2.30. CHARLES FROBMAN presents "THE BATTLE OF BURNHAM TONGUE". Evgs. 8.45. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.  
**THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.**—SLEEPING BEAUTY. BEAUTIFUL. 8.30. Mats. Weds. and Sat. 2.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Bertram Wallis, Renee Mayer. Re-opened.

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## The Two Letters.

(Continued from page 9.)

"No, I should scarcely say that," she responded, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "I see very little of them."

"Hillier does not seem by way of giving the glad eye to his friends since he came in for money," Henderson said, morosely.

"Ah," she drew in her breath with a little cry. "So you have found that out, too?"

Henderson looked up at her and laughed. His mood had changed completely. The glow of pleasure that her welcome had drawn forth evaporated. The woman had let her mask slip for a moment; he was amused rather than horrified at the glimpse of the harpy beneath.

"Oh, I can hardly say that," he said. "Hillier was a very good pal of mine in India—"

"Only not so good now that you find him in London?" She bent towards him eagerly.

"I have only seen him once," Henderson said, doggedly.

"Oh, don't fence with me, Tony," she cried, impatiently. "I know you too well. You're as transparent as glass. You've got a grudge against this man; let it go at that."

"You're very quick to jump to conclusions." He frowned heavily, half rising.

"Sit down. If you haven't a grudge—I have," she retorted. "I'm perfectly frank about it. I hate his wife."

"His wife?" Henderson looked up with a sharp interest.

"Why? Why? For a dozen excellent reasons. Why does one woman usually hate another?"

"Because 'tis her nature to, I imagine. Well, and so you are jealous of little Lady Hillier?"

Mrs. Cunliffe rose with an abrupt movement and went over to her desk—the same desk at which she had written the cheque for Sylvia that the girl had left lying on the floor when she left the shop for ever. It lay in one of the drawers now, carefully locked away.

For a second she stood there irresolute; then, taking a cigarette from the big silver box, she lit it and returned to the big man who sat lazily watching her.

"You've come back a rich man, I suppose?" she asked abruptly.

Henderson gave a sharp bark of laughter. So, after all, it was nothing more than an attack upon his cheque-book. . . . he leaned forward with a slightly familiar air.

"No go, my dear," he said. "I'm sorry. I should have liked to. But I'm stony—absolutely. These six years are years that the locusts have eaten."

"What on earth do you mean?" She drew back from him with a frozen look. "Do you imagine for a moment that I wanted to borrow money from you? Do I look as though I were in need of money?"

"No; I can't say that you do," Henderson was slightly crestfallen. "But in my sheltered youth I was wisely cautioned against the fair deceptiveness of appearances. Rose, and quite frankly, I should not have been surprised if you had wanted to touch me."

"You're as great a fool as ever, Tony, only a shade or two more vulgar with it," she said, disdainfully. "I'm glad to hear you're poor. It puts a good complexion on matters. I have the means at hand by which you can cease to be poor."

"How's that?"

The small, bloodshot eyes under the heavy lids watched her with an amused curiosity. She had developed, old Rose. The charming, soft little kitten had grown into a cat—charming still, certainly, but most extraordinarily feline.

Mrs. Cunliffe met a curious little movement of her beautiful hands. A movement that Henderson understood perfectly. It signified a casting away of certain scruples.

"If you are to help me, I must be frank with you," she said. "I want you to help me to satisfy my grudge against the Hilliers."

Henderson's eyebrows twitched.

"A scheme that the world calls by a very ugly name. Is that what you propose, Rose?" he asked, quietly. "Blackmail?"

"If you choose to put it so, yes."

"But blackmail as a rule supposes something to be concealed," he said.

"And they have something to conceal—something very ugly indeed," she answered.

There will be another long instalment to-morrow.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### French General Killed.

General Raymond, of the Colonial Infantry, who was promoted after the victory of the Marne, has been killed in action, says Reuter.

### 200,000 More Unemployed.

There are 200,000 more unemployed in the State of New York than there were a year ago, says Reuter, according to a return just published there.

### Unfashionable "Handcuff" Money.

Bracelet, or "handcuff," money is gradually being displaced in West Africa by the periodic shipments of new local silver coins from this country.

### Fatal Corn.

From blood poisoning caused by her action in cutting a corn, to which she applied a "corn cure," Isabel Bussens, of Norwich, has just died in the Italian Hospital.

### Fat Sheep Sold Fifty Times.

In aid of the Belgian Relief Fund a fat sheep was put up for auction at Barnet Market yesterday fifty times and realised £135 5s. It will now be killed to provide meals for Belgians in the locality.

### No Wedding Bells for Him.

John Frederick Burden, a carman, who stole a horse valued at £50, said, in asking for another chance, that he was about to be married, but at the London Sessions he was sent to prison for fifteen months.

### Greek Christmas Day in London.

Christmas Day, according to the Eastern Church, was celebrated yesterday at the Greek Church, in Moscow-road, Bayswater, London, W., the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom being used and the church lit by ritual candles.

### Steamer Sunk by Mine.

When the Newcastle steamer Alfreda struck a mine off Scarborough yesterday the crew of twenty-two escaped in the ship's boats. Nine landed, and it is hoped that the other thirteen, including the captain, have been saved by a passing steamer.

## YESTERDAY'S RACING.

The outstanding feature of the one-day meeting at Wye yesterday was the successful riding of Dale, who rode three winners—Safe Drunk, Kingswood and Spearman—in four attempts.

Fields were on the small side throughout, but despite this favourites fared very badly, Les Ormes whilst two odds-on chances, in Comique and Bobri-koff, were beaten.

### SELECTIONS FOR HAYDOCK.

- J. G.—Ashton Hurdle—VESPERIS.  
1.30—Culcheth Steeplechase—STOKE BOY.  
2.0—Warrington Hurdle—POLITIAN or SCREAMER.  
2.30—Friday Hurdle—ROUGH AND READY.  
2.55—Gerard Steeplechase—COTTAGE MAIDEN.  
3.20—Makerfield Steeplechase—MATT McGRATH.  
DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.  
COTTAGE MAIDEN and MATT McGRATH.\*  
BOUVERIE.

### WYE RACING RETURNS.

- 1.0—Selling Steeplechase. 2m.—Safe Drunk (9-4, Dale).  
1.1—John Redmond (8-4), 2; Red Squire (10-1), 3. 6 ran.  
1.30—Selling Hurdle. 2m.—Kingswood (10-1, Dale), 1; Maryland II (10-1), 2; Gus (8-2), 3. 7 ran.  
2.0—Canterbury Steeplechase. 2m.—Les Ormes (6-4, Avila), 1; Butter Ball (7-4), 2; Red Stork (6-1), 3. 4 ran.  
2.20—Ashford Hurdle. 2m.—Spearman (5-1, Dale), 1; Franco (4-1), 2; Knightly King (5-1), 3. 6 ran.  
3.0—Dover Steeplechase. 2m.—Olga's Pride (2-1, Mr. Brazzoni), 1; Bridge IV (4-1), 2; Comique (4-5), 3. 3 ran.  
3.15—Hurdle. 2m.—Northall (4-1, Buller), 1; Bobri-koff (4-7), 2; Gus (100-8), 3. 10 ran.

### SPRING HANDICAP ENTRIES.

The entries for the spring handicaps were published in a special number of the "Racing Calendar" yesterday. The Lincolnshire has closed with forty-five entries, the City and Suburban with forty-three, the Great Metropolitan with fifty-five, and the Jubilee Handicap with thirty-nine.

When There's Marching To Be Done our soldiers at the front prepare for its trials by rubbing Cherry Yellow Polka upon their feet. It keeps the feet "fit." Made by the makers of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.—(Advt.)

## A HOME REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA

In view of the well-known fact that probably over ninety per cent. of all stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, flatulence, etc., is either directly or indirectly due to acidity, or as it is commonly called, "sour stomach," it is evident that correction and prevention depends almost entirely on neutralising the acid and stopping the fermentation. For this purpose there is nothing better than a half-teaspoonful of ordinary bisulphated magnesia in a little water immediately after eating whenever pain is felt. This immediately neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation, and permits the stomach to proceed with its work under normal conditions. Owing to the widespread use of bisulphated magnesia by physicians and in the hospitals and for greater convenience in carrying, most chemists now supply it in the form of compressed tablets, two of which are equivalent to a half-teaspoonful of the ordinary powder form. Care should be taken to get bisulphated magnesia, as other forms are lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties.

BISULPHATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured or effervescent tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

## Appetite Keen Bowels Regular

You can relish your meals without fear of upsetting your liver or stomach if you will put your faith in Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Foul accumulations that poison the blood are expelled from the bowels and headache, dizziness and sallow skin go.

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## AN HISTORIC GROUP: BRITISH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS PHOTOGRAPHED TOGETHER.



Foes became friends on Christmas Day, when the British and Germans arranged an unofficial truce. The men left the trenches to exchange cigars and cigarettes, and

were even photographed together. This is the historic picture, and shows the soldiers of the opposing Armies standing side by side.

## GERMAN GUN SMATTERED BY BRITISH SHELLS.



German gun, smashed by two British shells, taken behind the firing line for repairs. At the beginning of the war the enemy's artillery could claim a superiority, but now the position has been reversed. Both British and French guns are doing great execution.

## DOG SAVES SAILOR'S LIFE.



A.B. John Cowan, a Formidable survivor, with Lassie, who saved his life at Lyme Regis. The dog licked his face assiduously, thus inducing circulation.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

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